THE BOMBAY COURIER.

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VOL. XL.] TUESDAY, 3 DECEMBER, 1833. [NO. 2293.

BYCULLA CLUB.

THE MONTHLY MEETING of the COMMITTEE will take place at the CLUB ROOM, on Saturday next, the 7th instant, at ½ past 7 o'clock, A. M.

Club Room, 3d December, 1833.

TO MORROW, Wednesday, the 4th of Dec. Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE, AND Co., will sell by public auction at their Rooms, the following variety of Goods, viz: Handsome white Damask Tablecovers, Long Cloths, Tuscan and Dunstable Straw Bonnets, Hats and Caps, several Blue Dinner services, 18 Carbhoys of Rose Water, Whitney Blankets, Black and Drab Gentlemen's Hats, an Invoice of superior Saddlery from "McLachlan," a quantity of ship Biscuit and various other articles.

AT NOON,

Any Carriages or Cattle that may offer.

ON Friday, the 13th instant, at 11 o'clock in the Forenoon, Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE, AND CO. will commence the sale by public auction of the Household Furniture and property of MATTHEW DEVITRE, Esq. at his residence, "Elen Hall," Mazagon. The same comprizes Plate, Plated, Glass, and Queen's ware, rich modern Lustres, a handsome set of twelve Plated Dish covers, Fluted pattern, Vase Lamps, Wallshades, Dining, Card, & Pembroke Tables, a very superior first sized Billiard Table, with Balls, Cues, Maces, &c. complete, by "*Erwood*," 6 Billiard room Chairs, a square Piano Forte, by "Broadwood," handsome Couches— cover'd with crimson damask, Chairs, Cots and Bedding, Washing and Toilette Tables, Cooking utensils, a variety of choice plants, a neat London built Barouchette and pair of horses, a child's Carriage and sundry other property.

N. B. The property will be on view on Tuesday, Dec. 10th., and following day, when Catalogues may be had on the Premises or at the rooms of the auctioneers.

ON Monday, the 16th instant, Messrs. FRITH, BOMANJEE, AND CO. will sell by Public Auction, the Household Furniture and property of Capt. GRIFFITHS, H. M. 6th Foot, proceeding to Europe. The same comprises the usual requisites of a small establishment—with a Full toned square Piano Forte, by Broadwood, a neat Phaeton and pair of smart Carriage Horses, and a variety of choice plants.

The property will be open to public view, on the Saturday preceding the day of sale, and following days.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Quarter Master of the 6th, or Royal 1st Warwickshire Regiment, will receive Tenders (post paid) until the 31st day of December 1833, for Bill or Bills at 30th day's sight on Messrs. GREENWOOD, COX AND CO., Army Agents, Creig's Court, London, for £ 238 or thereabouts. The Bidding to be in Bombay Rupees and for sums not less than £ 50 each.

(Signed) JOHN SHEHAN,
Quarter Master.

Camp, near Deesa, 20th November, 1833.

TO BE LET, a commodious, airy, pleasant, upper roomed BUNGALOW at Camballa, opposite to the Bee-Hive. Apply to MOODY SORABJEE VATCHA GANDY, at his Office, opposite to the Town Major's Office.

Bombay, 3d December, 1833.

JUST PUBLISHED AND READY FOR SALE,

THE INDIAN CALENDAR, for the year 1834, shewing the correlative dates according to the various modes of reckoning time among the HINDOOS, PARMUSSALMEN, and MALABARS. Price, Rupees two.

Courier Office, 3d December, 1833.

FOR SALE at the Courier Office,

The Oriental Sporting Magazine, from No. 7 to 19, each No.....	3 0 0
Blank Powers of Attorney,.....	0 2 0
Do. Interest Bonds,.....	0 2 0
Do. Policies,.....	1 0 0
Do. Bills of Lading, per set,....	0 2 0
Do. Respondentia Bonds,.....	0 2 0
Do. Bills of Exchange, per set,...	0 2 0
Plans of the Island,.....	1 0 0
Traveller's Itinerary,.....	5 0 0
Insolvent Debtor's Act,.....	3 0 0

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING, neatly executed upon moderate terms.

FOR SALE at the Courier Office—A CODE OF SIGNALS, with a list of Vessels and their corresponding numbers in H. M. service, and the Commercial Navy of Great Britain, together with those belonging to the Port of Bombay. Price, one rupee.

FOR SALE—No. 12 of the QUARTERLY ARMY LIST. Price, rupees 3.

FOR SALE at the Courier Office—A few remaining copies of the BOMBAY CALENDAR and ALMANAC, printed on English Royal Paper for the present year, containing Rules, Regulations, and other matter of local interest not previously published.—Price 6 rupees per copy.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL, TOUCHING AT THE MAURITIUS FOR 24 HOURS ONLY,

THE fast sailing British built ship PARKFIELD, K. MACAULAY, Commander, on her first voyage from England. This vessel has excellent accommodation for passengers, is well armed, and will be dispatched on 11th Dec. Plans of the Cabins may be seen at the office of GISBORNE, MENZIES, and CO.

Rampart Row, 3d Dec., 1833.

FOR FREIGHT AND PASSAGE TO LONDON,

THE fine Teak built Ship LADY NUGENT, 600 Tons Register, LUCAS PERCIVAL, H. C. S. Commander.—Is daily expected, and will sail on or about the 15th January—This ship has splendid accommodations for Passengers, and carries a Surgeon—Apply to Messrs. REMINGTON AND CO.

Bombay, 3d December, 1833.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO MOCHA AND JUDDAH IN THE RED SEA.

THE Fine Barque DISCOVERY, burthen 300 Tons, G. J. SIMMONS, Commander, has superior accommodations for Passengers. This vessel affords an opportunity not often occurring to Gentlemen proceeding to Europe Overland, as her accommodations are remarkably airy, and a portion of her Passengers have already engaged to leave positively on the 31st instant or before, should a sufficient number be engaged—Apply to AGA MAHOMED SHOOSTRY, at his Office in Town.

Nisbet Lane, 3d December, 1833.

MILITARY ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.

Capt. O Poole, 9th Regt. N. I. from Sholapoor.
Lieut. St. John, E. Regt. from Poonah.
Brigade Major Cotgrave, Artillery, from the Neelgherry Hills.
Capt. Stokoe, Paymr. of Pensioners, from Poona.

DEPARTURES.

Assist. Surg. William Sullivan, E. Regt. to Poonah.
Assist. Surg. G. Edwards, 6th N. I. to Bhewndy.
Lieut. G. Rowley, Staff, to Salsette.

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVALS.

Nov. 30th.—Ship Elizabeth, Robert W. Blenkinsop, Master, from Calcutta, 19th Oct. Touched at Alepie and Geriah.

Passenger.—Lieut. Frushard, I. N.

Dec. 1st.—The Hon. Company's Sloop of War Clive, S. C. Hawkins, Esq. Comr. from the straits of Malacca. Left Singapoor, 16th Oct. Touched at Malacca, Penang and Colombo.

Passengers.—Capt. Cotgrave and servant,

—— Barque Anne Baldwin, Henry Crawford, Master, from the Mauritius, 18th Oct.

DEPARTURES.

—— 29th.—Brig Rapid, J. Bush, Master, to Liverpool.

Passenger.—Mr. Parker.

—— 30th.—Ship Asia, D. Tonge, Master, to Calcutta.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, the 23d Nov. at Hingolee, in the Deccan, George Humphrey Bohun, the eldest son of Captain G. Tomkyns, 10th Regt. Bengal N. I, aged 3 years, 11 months and 19 days.

At Bhooj, on the 21st ultimo, Ensign E. Hall, 15th Regt. N. I.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.—Melville and Imogene.
HON'BLE COMPANY'S SLOOPS OF WAR.—Coote, and Clive.
HON'BLE COMPANY'S SCHOONER.—Shannon.
HON'BLE COMPANY'S STEAMER.—Hugh Lindsay.
HON'BLE COMPANY'S GUARD-SHIP.—Hastings.
HON'BLE COMPANY'S FLOATING CHAPEL.—Aurora.
FREE TRADERS.—Sir Edward Paget, Frances, William, Royal George, Eliza, Parkfield, Mulgrave, Undaunted, Marquis of Hastings, Princess Charlotte, Lady Raffles, Hero of Malown, Gilmore and Egyptian.
COUNTRY VESSELS.—Good Success, Discovery, Kusrovie, Charlotte, Ann, Lowjee Family, Virginia, Hydross, Golconda, Charles Forbes, Abgarus, Agnes, Clairmont, Cornwallis, Futtah Hulbaree, Mamoody, Mecca, Elizabeth, Shaw Byramgore, Prime, and Anne Baldwin.
PORTUGUESE.—Consoliel, and Amelia.
AMERICAN.—Henry Clay.
SWEDISH.—Ceres
BRAZIL.—Aguia.
FRENCH.—La Franco.
H. H. THE IMAUM'S SHIP.—Caroline.

VESSELS LOADING.

Henry Clay, for New York. Gilmore, and Sir Ed. Paget, for London. Ceres, for Cowes. Parkfield, for Liverpool. Good Success, for China. Mamoody Mecca, and Hydroos, for Macculla. Mulgrave, Royal George, Virginia, Eliza, and Golconda, for Bengal. Clairmont, for Penang.

THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, 3d DECEMBER, 1833.

Mr. Wolff, the well known missionary, arrived here a day or two since, and we have been requested to state, will give a public lecture in the Town-hall this evening, at 7 o'clock, and another on Thursday and Saturday next at the same hour and place.

The *Lady Nugent* we l... positively to leave the Downs on ... be expected every ... sengers,—Dr. ... Regt. Mr. I... Viney, H. M. ...

By the *Ar*... counts have ... of Port Louis, of the ship *Cæsar*, from London for Calcutta. This vessel it appears attempted to put into Port Louis for water and provisions, and had a large number of passengers on board. No lives, however, were lost, and much of the cargo it was supposed would be saved.

The friends of Sir John Malcolm in England have determined to raise a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. We have not yet been able to meet with the proceedings of a meeting convened for this purpose, but we understand that the Duke of Wellington was present on the occasion, and that he and the Dukes of Northumberland and Buccleugh, and the Pacha of Egypt, have each subscribed a hundred pounds towards the object in view,

In looking over a file of Singapore papers, which we received by the *Cornwallis*, we were not a little astonished to observe that two English ships have lately been fired at by His Majesty's cruisers in the straits for not lowering their sails while passing those vessels. One of these ships was the *Elizabeth*, and had a round shot fired at her by the *Wolf*, though it appears the Captain was quite unaware of the ceremony required on the occasion. The shot, however, luckily fell short of its mark, and the ship and crew escaped the serious injury they might have sustained; but for this they were more indebted to the want of precision with which the *Wolf* fired, than to any desire on the part of the commander to save British life and property from destruction.—The next vessel attacked was the well known Company's ship *Duke of Sussex*.—In this instance a musket ball was fired at her while she was passing the *Harrier* because the commanding officer refused to lower a sail; and it was only when the latter was bringing her guns to bear, and had actually opened her ports, for the purpose of pouring in a broadside, that the Indiaman reluctantly consented to make the obeisance demanded.

It appears that the order under which the upper sails of an English merchant vessel in these seas are required to be lowered when passing one of His Majesty's ships is perfectly legal; but at the same time, that it is never enforced at home, where the good sense of naval officers is such, generally speaking, as to render them above exacting outward and unnecessary marks of respect, although they may be entitled to them by obsolete laws. It may naturally be asked, therefore why is a vexatious regulation which has been aban...oned at head quarters enforced out her?—... of the Cape of Good Hop... in cal... does not ... con-fess we are t... these questions; and ca... at any thing which can give rise to unpleasant feelings between the merchant service and the Navy, should be allowed to exist for one moment, if it can possibly be done away without injury to the public service.

That the Regulation in question is calculated to have a disagreeable effect we presume no one will deny.—At any rate, the reluctance of the *Sussex* to lower her sails, as required, proves that there are instances in which nothing but force will induce the commanders of merchant ships to comply with it; and we observe it has been considered vexatious and irritating whenever it has been publicly noticed in the journals of this country. This being the case, it is most sincerely to be desired that measures may be adopted by the proper authorities to do away with it, forthwith as it relates to a mere piece of etiquette which, being with difficulty enforced, and reluctantly complied with, must tend to diminish rather than add to their dignity and respect.

CALCUTTA.

BOMBAY ADDRESS TO SIR J. P. GRANT.

We had the pleasure of being present yesterday morning at a highly interesting interview between Sir J. P. Grant and a deputation of the most respectable Parsees in Calcutta, headed by Rustomjee Cowasjee appointed to deliver to Sir John the address of the Native Inhabitants of *Bombay*. Sir John received the deputation at his house very cordially, and was addressed by Rustomjee Cowasjee in these words:—

SIR JOHN PETER GRANT.

"I have been deputed by the principal Parsee and other Native Inhabitants of Bombay, to present to your Lordship an address of congratulation on your Lordship's elevation to the Calcutta Bench, and in now doing so, I beg to be permitted, on behalf of myself and the Parsee community resident in Calcutta, to assure your Lordship that we join most cordially in the sentiments expressed in the address."

The following address was then read:—

TO SIR JOHN PETER GRANT, *Knight, Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta.*

HONORABLE SIR,—W... present to you our ... to the dis... pro...

been occupied with the unfortunate situation in which you have been placed by your conscientious discharge of our judicial duties. Long as your hopes have been delayed we never despaired that justice would be done to you, by our Gracious Sovereign Lord the King and His excellent Ministers. Your promotion to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta is a well-merited honor to you; and to us, and the other natives of Bombay it has communicated pride and exultation. It is our fervent hope that you may continue in good health, and that His Majesty's subjects at Calcutta may long have the blessing of your Judicial protection.

We have the honor to be, Honorable Sir,
Your very grateful servants,
(Signed by nearly 200 highly respectable Natives of Bombay.)

Bombay, October 17, 1833.

Sir J. P. Grant then returned the following reply:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I receive with a degree of pleasure which I cannot express, and with very considerable pride, this fresh and affecting proof of the kindness of my friends the native population of Bombay, and of the interest they continue to take in my welfare. I beg to assure them through you that I have never ceased to regret my separation from them, and never shall cease to think of them with the sentiments which not only their conduct towards myself, during the whole time of my residence amongst them, and upon some difficult occasions, but my knowledge of their intelligence and their attachment to an impartial administration of Justice, and their admirable conduct in life so justly demand. I have received his Majesty's commands placing me upon the Bench of the Supreme Court at Calcutta with great gratitude and satisfaction, as a mark of his royal favour and approbation of my conduct hitherto in his Judicial Service, and it will be satisfactory to my friends at Bombay to know, that although the circumstances I was placed in, made me consider it my duty to tender my resignation of my commission as one of the Judges at Bombay, His Majesty was not advised by his confidential servants to accept that tender, and has thus manifested to his subjects in India, that his gracious disposition to maintain the independence of his Courts in India has at no time suffered, as all who enjoy the benefits of his Government know that it never will suffer, any diminution or abatement.

I beg you to express to my native friends at Bombay my sincere thanks for this flattering and most gratifying address."

After delivering this reply, the learned Judge ... and the gentlemen of the de... which they bow...

We are heartily gratified with this proof of the good feeling still subsisting at Bombay in respect to Sir J. P. Grant, and as much so with the fact disclosed in the learned Judge's reply of which we had hitherto remained in ignorance—viz. that the King had never accepted his resignation. This circumstance, if we mistake not, clearly entitles Sir John Grant to all the allowances of a Puisne Judge from the time of his leaving Bombay, and we shall be rejoiced if his right to them be recognised as some small compensation for the injury done his feelings,—for the insult offered to the Supreme Court,—for the wrong inflicted on the Natives of Bombay;—as, in short, some indemnity for the past, his elevation being merely a proper security for the future.

In regard to the picture and piece of plate voted to Sir John P. Grant, we find, on inquiry amongst our Parsee friends, that the picture was completed at an expense of £700, and lately arrived at Bombay, but that Sir Herbert Compton, the Chief Judge, declined to allow it to be suspended in the Court, on the plea that he had no authority in the matter!—A Chief Judge has no power to adorn the walls of a Court where he presides *en chef* when no expense is meditated which can affect the purse of the Company or the King!—Oh! Sir Herbert, Sir Herbert!

The plate, we find, has for some time past been actually subscribed for, and the money lodged in *some* house of agency, but it is not yet very clear *where* it lies, though means will be taken to ascertain the fact and apply the cash as originally intended. We mention this, because we wrote yesterday under an impression that the money had not been paid up by the Native subscribers.—*Englishman.*

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

SINECURES.

TIMES.—Heartily wishing that ministers would at all times so adjust their proceedings in the House of Commons as to afford their friends a sound justification for supporting them, we confess our incapacity to imagine the "wherefore" of the vote into which they we... betrayed last Tuesday, in opposition to ... Ruthven's motion. There was not a ... in that motion which ought not to ... ded the concurrence of ever... serted not... ay, a... ge...

voted with the Tories against this recognition of the principle of their own declared and recorded policy! It is not the least provoking part of the business that the Whig government inflicts all this mischief on itself, apparently from pure heedlesness, for the Whigs are in their hearts strong advocates for economy, and have proved it: they are denouncers of civil sinecures, and have not bestowed one upon friend or foe. There can be nothing, therefore, more Quixotic or absurd than this apparent support of Tory principles by men whose real merit with the country is that in practice they disdain to act upon them. "Assume the virtue which you have not" is on worldly grounds at least intelligible, but we should like to hear a dissertation on the wisdom of assuming *vice* from which you are free. The result of the division must be far from unimportant. In spite of this unnatural attempt to shield them, the body of sinecurists throught the whole empire must tremble. What "vested" rights, for example, can be pledged in behalf of such enormities as the sinecures held by the Lords Ellenborough and Kenyon? What vested right can this noble duumvirate have acquired to receive large sums of money yearly from the suitors to the King's courts for justice? Why are the claimants for legal redress to be obliged to pay these coroneted almsmen 9000*l.* or 10,000*l.* per annum? Is not such a grievance utterly disgraceful in any country which calls itself intelligent of free—where the national accounts are open to inspection, and the means of the pleople are under the presumed safeguard of their representatives? That justice should be taxed at all, is contrary to the spirit of Magna Charta, and revolting to all first principles; that it should be taxed for the use of luxury of Lords Ellenborough or Kenyon, is altogether intolerable. To pair off bishops, and to write in slip-slop newspapers, do not, we apprehend, come under any heads of public service that a reformed legislature would pay by splendid revenues. Mr. Spring Rice, if he had stuck to his arithmetical explanation (and a most satisfactory explanation it was) of the savings effected by government, would have done service to his party, and to his own character as a very useful man of business; but his evil genius tempted him to be "eloquent." Hence his unfortunate blunder about the "vested right" sinecures of Lords Kenyon and Ellenborough, who will long have to curse the night when the Secretary of the Treasury volanteered the aid of his rhetoric in their defence. It is evident that had Mr. Ruthven, in the first instance, shaped his motion as it appears ultimately on the vote-paper, there would have been a much larger majority; for who could fairly object to the declaration that "all sinecure places, not merited by public services, should be abolished?" It is curious that it does not appear in the debate how or when the words "not merited by public services" were inserted.

MR. O'CONNEL A[illegible]

It must be clear to every man whose judgment is not blinded by vanity or passion, that it is, and must be, the interest of every journalist to furnish the best reports which he is able; that any injustice exercised towards particular speakers can only operate against the journal which exercises it; and that the offence is not one which can long be concealed, even by the closest conspiracy, should there be folly and meanness enough to form such a conspiracy. It is clear, therefore, to any man of reasonable understanding, that if reports are sometimes imperfectly given, other than corrupt or malignant motives must occasion the defect. In the first place, when a debate occupies several hours in both houses,—a very common event during the latter months of every session,—a supplement published every day would not contain all the speeches; for two sittings, averaging together about 20 hours, would, at the rate of 3 columns per hour, require 60 columns, which is 12 columns over the the number of columns in even a double sheet, aud this would suppose the exclusion of all other matter,—advertisements, law reporting, and general and political intelligence. But even if we had the disposition to indulge the oratorical vanity of members of both houses, and the public should demand such a daily supply of rhetoric, the thing could not be done; it is not in the human power to produce the quantity in time for the next day's demand, nor is it in the power of the most improved machinery to work it. The *Mirror, of Parliament* is published only weekly, and the supplements of the *Moniteur* follow the debates at intervals, frequently, of more than a fortnight.

What, then, is the necessary consequence? The less important debate must give way to the more important,—the less able speakers to the more distinguished, so that something like an intelligible view of the whole may be presented to the public. And here we may say that, generally speaking, the reading public have so little sympathy with the talking portion of it, that complaints daily reach us from all quarters that the Parliamentary reports are too long; indeed, we are convinced that except in cases of pressing and transcendent interest, a short epitome would abundantly satisfy public curiosity. But as there are enlightened readers who wish to see the detail which able men give for their two or three papers at first have adop[illegible]ng, gov[illegible]

we can confidently contrast the opinions expressed by such men as the Lord Chancellor, Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Lyndhurst, in one house,—of Lord Althorp, Sir R. Peel, and Sir R. Inglis, in the other, with the unjust assaults of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. O'Dwyer. In point of fact, we can appeal even to the testimony of a friend and partisan of Mr. O'Connell,—we mean Dr. Baldwin,—whether the speeches of the member for Dublin have not been reported at greater length, and with more care, than those of almost any other representative.

To conclude, let Mr. O'Connell speak as becomes a member of Parliament, and he will and must be reported; but do not let him entertain the monstrous supposition that, whenever he chooses to pour forth the most unprovoked and unmeasured abuse, and in the coarsest language, on men of honour and education, such persons can so far throw off the common feelings of human nature as to quietly and deliberately record the calumnious charge and the foul expressions in which it is couched. Let Mr. O'Connell read the following letter, and if he has tbe slightest sense of justice, he will hasten to make amends to honourable men whom he has so wantonly maligned:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—We, the undersigned Parliamentary Reporters of your paper, beg to inform you, that without any wish to prejudice the interests of the establishment, with which many of us have been long connected, and to which all of us are sincerely attached, we have deliberately resolved not to report any speech of Mr. O'Connell until he shall have retracted, as publicly as he made, the calumnious assertion that our report are 'designedly false.' We are ready and willing to take upon ourselves personally all the consequences with which the House of Commons may think fit to visit this our determination.

"Respect for our own characters has dictated this resolution and be the consequences to us what they may, we will abide by it.

"We beg, as an act of justice to us, that you will publish this our declaration.—*Times, July* 25.

RUSSIA.

Last night Mr. E. L. Bulwer, in a motion for papers relative to the recent conduct of Russia towards the Turks, gave the House an opportunity of following up that manly and honourable train of sentiment by which so many members had distinguished themselves a few nights previous on the subject of the atrocities practiced, by the same semi-barbarous Power upon the Polish nation. The motives of Russia have been plainly developed in her acts. She provoked the Poles to insurrection through the nefarious tyranny of Constantine, and then em-

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guai[illegible] the war
betw[illegible]ultan, that she
migh[illegible]rposing as an ally
of her long-protected victim; and as during her occupancy of a part of the Turkish soil, and her close intermixture with the Turkish council, laid the ground work of constant intrigue against the Government of the Sultan, which she may thus undermine at leasure, and annihilate as her own ambition and rapacity will suggest. Hon. members have adopted a language towards Russia which in one respect we as Englishmen, jealous of our country's honour and confident in her boundless resources and energies, must deem to be unworthy of Great Britain. No men we observe, ventures upon a description of the crimes or provocations offered to Europe by Russia, without as a preliminary, disavowing not merely all desire for war, but in a manner, all belief that war could ever be thought of. Now if we are anxious to avoid a war, we ought not to be so very anxious to publish the fears we entertain of it. In truth the meanness of such a fear with regard to Russia is not more impolitic than is studied acknowledgement and declaration. If it be hoped that the despotic Court of St. Petersburgh should attach the least weight to English displeasure or remonstances, they ought not to be accompanied by such solemn assurances on our part, that after all we intend nothing but empty noise and menace. The necessary result of thus putting Russia at her ease must be to encourage that very course of violence and encroachment on our national interests, which has called forth such loud but ineffectual murmurs, and so, by an unpunished accumulation of wrongs, to force this country into an inevitable conflict, which more vigour at an earlier period might have saved. Russia to England is the reverse of formidable. Both in the Baltic and in the Euxine she is as completely at our mercy as Turkey, unaided by British or French arms, would be at hers. Stop the two maritime vents for Russian produce, and we throw her unwieldy and sickly frame into convulsions. It is really quite shameful to hear the wretched twaddle about "shunning" war, and "dreading" war, and "making all sacrifices" to avert a war with Russia, which are so bandied about among the representatives of a free nation, as if there were no object in view but to satisfy Nicho-

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an affectation of fears to which we are in our hearts insensible. Can anything be more amusing than Lord Palmerston's solemnity, when he declares his "implicit reliance on the good faith" of Russia (!) in all that regards her promises towards Turkey,—of Russia, at whose feet lie the smoking ruins of betrayed and trampled Poland? But Lord Palmerston is a man of wit, and irony is one of his most familiar instruments. We wish, indeed, that the diplomatic deference for Russia, manifested throughout the whole of his Lordship's official proceedings had a little more fully justified the construction we have in charity bestowed upon his language on Mr Bulwer's motion.—*Times, July* 12.

POLAND.

The frontiers of Poland are most strictly guarded by the Russians as well as by the Prussians. Any attempt at transgressing them on prohibited points is connected with danger, if with a waggon, of losing the waggon and the horses, and paying a fine of from 60 to 180 florins. This fine is besides liable to be augmented in proportion to the property of the transgressor, and can be carried to such an extent as the Commissioners of Palatinates may think it proper. A reporter, should there be any, is entitled to one-half of the fine, as well as one-half of the value of confiscated property. In the case of people endeavouring to pass the frontiers, their lives (as if of less value) are in peril—they are shot by the pickets of Cossacks. Since the commencement of April, the sentinels are doubled in number.

Travellers in carriages and on foot are stopped at every moment and asked for passports, from fear lest they should be Polish refugees coming from France in disguise. Giving an asylum or food to any one of these refugees is punished with death; and landholders, through whose estates they happen to pass, are imprisoned.

The punishment of death is also inflicted on those at whose houses arms may be discovered. At Pultusk, two very respectable heads of families have been publicly flogged because their children happened to be seen playing with some pieces of iron which might have formerly belonged to some fire-arms, but at that moment were in a quite harmless condition. The mode of punishing these citizens was the most wanton, so as to render it difficult to decide whether the penalty or the levity with which it was inflicted was more barbarous. The military court's sentence sounded 200 lashes for both (thanks for its ambiguity, if it was meant to lesson its rigour.) The officer who was intrusted with the execution of the sentence, from want of attention, permitted 125 lashes to be inflicted on one of the sufferes instead of 100, before he became aware of the surplus. Here he ordered

[illegible] and [illegible] on the other only 75 lashes, "for that the law," as the Russian Areopagite observed, "may have its full execution."

Enormities are committed under the pretext of seeking concealed arms. A Russian commissioner, who is intrusted with searching after them in the whole country, Mr. Cywinski, accompanied by an escort of gendarmes and Cossacks, is going from place to place a *carte blanche* to ransack the houses of the inhabitants. The houses are on a sudden surrounded, frequently at the dead of night, by his zbirri, roofs and floors torn off, and walls damaged. It need not much, but a mere report of a malicious person, or of a spy, or a simple suspicion, to have one's house exposed to such like ruination, and even to plunder; for to those zbirri of the Government nothing is sacred, and seeking redress impossible, if not most imprudent.

Letters written to or by the Polish refugees abroad, are fined with 300 florins, and those with enclosures still higher. Mothers who used to write to their sons abroad, had been warned by the Field-marshal Paskewitsch, either henceforward to discontinue writing, or they would be whipped for it in the public markets.

Immediately after the revolution, at a period when distress and poverty under the most appalling features were everywhere visible, Polish ladies had formed a committee for the purpose of supporting the distressed and the needy. Mrs. Sowinska, the wife of the gallant General who fell in defending Wola, was at the head of this association. But no sooner the Government got intelligence of it, than it issued not only an order for its being dissolved, but also sent about the country a circular containing a formula of a declaration for the ladies to sign in person, that they promise for the future to renounce all work of this kind of charity, under their personal responsibility. They were henceforward doomed to one of the severest trials the human heart can be exposed,—namely, to look upon the crippled and the destitute Polish warriors, some of them brothers or near relations of their own, without daring to afford them relief, or even to shed a tear of pity for them. A tear would have been taxed as great a crime as an offer. One who offended against that fiendish order was sentenced to be publicly chastised and then thrown for three years into prison, and to be flogged every month. After the introduction of the military tribunals, by which all civil law is now superseded, the greatest penalty is not reckoned atrocious enough. An instance of it was of late practised at Lublin. Miss Kawecka convicted of having afforded provisions to a refugee coming from France, wa[illegible]ourt-martial to be shot, was but in her 18th [illegible]tage.

[illegible]d by courts- [illegible]who should [illegible]ed by Nicho- [illegible]e the consti- [illegible]ts are now [illegible]executed, within 24 hours, by shooting or hanging—mor[illegible] congenial with the mind [illegible] executions have of late taken place at Borrow Lublin, Grodno, and Warsaw. At the latter place four corpses of the hanged had been left without sepulture; but on the next morning they were found decked with flowers. The polide then buried them. 500 florins is the price fixed on the head of every refugee, when surrendered to the Russian executioners.

The number of spies is still greater than ever existed before the revolution, and which is most to be pitied that the Government is endeavouring to make them among peasantry;—a scheme which cannot fail but be destructive of the confidence that formerly had prevailed between the peasantry and nobility, that in all vicissitudes, public and private, made the two classes rely upon each other, till it at length became the main-spring of a unexampled patriotism. *Divide et tmpera* has ever been the watch-word of despots. They begin by corrupting, and then they destroy.

A general impoverishment of the whole country is evidently aimed at. The taxation is the same as formerly, and the kingdom is besides doomed to have an additional share of taxes common with the Russian empire. Trade and industry have vanished. Several merchants at Warsaw have failed, and others force their inevitable ruin. The richest of them, Dysmanski, having broken his heart in despair, drowned himself in the Vistula. Jews, who were rather hostile during the revolution, have turned patriots, notwithstanding the several privileges that were bestowed upon them by the Russian Government for their treacheries. All of them look back with regret on their former condition, and must be dissatisfied, trade, the only branch of their income and livelihood, being now ruined, and the markets overstocked with goods imported from Russia by Russian traders free of duty, and sold at low prices. The only Jews that keep top-head over the general calamity of their race are some few contractors, who furnish provisions for the army and money-landers to the Russian Generals and staff officers, for gambling and dissipation, to which mode of life people of a slavish character are particularly addicted.

An hatred bordering on fury is directed against every thing that reminds them of the nationality of Poland, and against the religion itself. Polish eagles wherever they existed are destroyed, and on the new coins the Polish arms are equalized with the arms of the different petty provinces of the Russian empire. All turnpikes, and bridges, and watch-houses, which formerly had been painted white and red, are now green and black; even the images of the saints, and the images of Christ, or ordered to be painted in Russian colours. Thus creed, rites, and reli[illegible]ous symbols, all [illegible] change its face and [illegible]eaning at the mightiness of the Autocrat's ukases; and to execute these most brutal schemes of his revenge, he has never yet been embarrassed, finding ready tools among his slaves of Muscovy. The Russian language is introduced in schools and in all public transactions. At the high school of Winnica in Podolia some students, anxious not to forget the Polish language, formed an union for cultivating it. No sooner the Government had got notice of it than it ordered five teachers to be dismissed; two who knew and did not report it, to be severely admonished; the students had their heads shaved, and were sent as recruits to the Russian regiments, to atone there for their love of the language they have spoken from their infancy. This was executed in pursuance of an Imperial ukase, on the 16th of April 1833. In Podolia the inhabitants were ordered (probably in mockery) to send an address to the Emperor, petitioning him that he would re-establish Poland according to the Congress of Vienna. In Podolia, Lubianowski, the governor, who, after the Imperial ukase, first began the transplanting of 5,000 Polish families to the Caucasus, as likely not to have satisfied completely his imperial master, is discharged his office, and Muravieff, an introcious monster, is destined in his place.

It must be yet remarked that that part of Poland which in virtue of the treaty of Vienna has long been called the kingdom, is in the Polish ukases no more called kingdom (Krolestwo) but Czardom of Poland. It is done with a view of assimilating that great and ancient country with the barbarous Asiatic provinces of the Russian empire, as Astrachan, Georgia, and Siberia, &c., of which the Autrocrat styles himself the Czar, but not the King, and which have no distinct administration or laws.—*Times, July* 22.

PORTUGAL.

The private letters from Lisbon by the mail of this morning possess great interest and importance, as they prove the city to be in a state incapable of offering any effectual resistance to the invading force The whole country south of the Tagus is up in arms for the Queen, and all attempts to check the progress of the disaffection to Miguel have proved unavailing. Subjoined are extracts from the letters.

"LISBON, July 3.

In politics we are at this moment in the midst of hopes and fears, but the former greatly preponderate. The expedition of Don Pedro was landed at Cacellas, the last port of the Algarve, on the 24th ult. and from what we can glean, they were received with open arms by the inhabitants throughout that kingdom, and they are increasing their strength very fast. Alemtejo will soon be theirs. A few days since a band of Constitutionalists, headed by Don Manoel Hespanhol, a very respectable man, broke open the prisons at Thomar, in this province, and set at liberty the whole of the political prisoners; and after getting possession at Punhete of 1,200 stand of arms, which were lately sent from hence by the Government, they crossed over t[illegible]

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Alemtejo, in their way to join their friends, numbers increasing considerable as they moved along. We shall soon, I expect, see the Queen's flag floating on the opposite side of the river, for Miguel's party cannot send a man against them from Lisbon, and the Miguelite force already there can offer no opposition of consequence to the Duke of Terceira's progress, even if it were disposed to do so, which I do not believe. The peasants are beginning to feel to the quick the heavy pressure of this despotic government on them, and guerilla parties already exist in many parts of the kingdom. Miguel's fate, I mean his downfall, is, I think, now certain, and that it will take place very speedily. His fleet sailed the day before yesterday, in pursuit of its opponent, and by this time there has been in all probability a meeting, as it seems Admiral Napier was not far off. The Castor frigate, Nimrod corvette, Leveret, and Viper, British ships of war, are all out on the watch. The Talavera has come in to-day from Portsmouth, and we hear that the Caledonia and Revenge are also coming out. This looks as if England intended some movement here, for surely so large a fleet is not intended merely for the protection of British property and persons. She will probably now recognize the young Queen. You will have heard the unfortunate loss of the Eugenia schooner, belonging to Don Pedro, by getting embarked near Peniche; her officers have been brought here as prisoners of war, and lodged in the Castle of St. George. They, with the seamen, are all English. Here all is quiet, and we are with little more than the police in the city.

MRS. AUSTIN'S CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.

This is not a book of biography, but of character, and is happily so named by the authoress and translator. Incidents in the life of Goethe naturally occur, but they are used only in illustration of the character of his genius, of his temper, or of his habits. The most improving of all studies is the formation of character: it is, happily, also a pleasant one; so that the book before us combines two qualities exceedingly desireable in these days of a seeking after mere excitement,—instruction and amusement. It is not a work to be run through in a sultry morning, by the hasty turner over of leaves lying at length on the sofa, and as little exerting the vigour of his mind as the strength of his body: it is pleasant food for reflection, and will last through not only some long summer evenings, but winter may find it still unexhausted. The subject is rich, and the matter is abundant and various. We were only led to expect a translation of the small work of FALK, containing his recollections of his friend; but FALK is the least part of his own book: numerous other sources have been applied to, and the collection includes all that has been best said of Goethe, together with various notes, each containing more or less curious matter, together with specimens of the works of this great man when they happened to be necessary for illustrating a characteristic.

Of the translation it is needless to say any thing; Mrs. Austin's fame as a mistress of English style being established. In this work more than others she has permitted the genius of the German language to show itself; and in some attempts to imitate the private liberty of coining words which every German possesses, we think she has erred. The English reader detests uncouthness, at least of all looked for it from Mrs. Austin's pen. This is, indeed, of rare occurence: but the error is sweet and seductive to the writer, and therefore have we mentioned it. That the translator has not been quite so free from the trammel of the original, may be seen from the contrast presented between some morsels from the body of the work and the masterly Preface, which contains some paragraphs of extreme excellence, and struck in a tone hardly to be expected from the pen of a woman, educated as women are.

They who expect to find in this book a collection of anecdotes, good things, and smart sayings—in short, a Boswellian Journal—will be disappointed. Goethe was a thinker of thoughts, nd not a sayer of sayings: he cared nothing for brilliancy of effect; he was utterly indifferent to the glory of smartness: he preferred to watch the operations of his ow mind. When Madame de Steal told him of the accusation of Moreau for conspiracy against Bonaparte, she expected him to make some pungent remark—for he took great interest in Moreau: he was silent and thoughtful: she called him *maussade*. He remarked, "You come in, you knock me down with a terrible piece of news, and then expect to see me play at ho, skip, and jump." He spoke with warmth.. Bravo! that was all the Frenchwoman wanted: it was conversation; and looked like a stroke at the ball of dialogue, for which she lived and was never better pleased than when permited to make a number of brilliant hits together. Now Goethe was utterly indifferent to all these gymnastic exercises of talk: when he shone, it was by pursuing some ingenious train of analogies, by exhibiting some curious web of fancies: when in high spirits, he would give way to his genius, and do that gayly, and wildly, and fantastically, which he did in his study with severer taste and more considered matter, as bound for a longer journey—namely, to posterity: but still the character of the effusion was the same—it was wisdom and fancy at play. The pleasantry of Goethe (for there is a great deal of pleasantry in these volumes) is not that of wit, neither is it humour: it is a cheerful benevolence set off by tricks of fancy. Now this is charming to hear, is excellent when written, but very difficult to catch from the mouth: the transference to paper is attended with much evaporation. A point, a sting, a stroke an explosion in dialogue, is readily remembered and registered; but not these delicate trains of fancy, traced with all the grace and colour of streaky clouds in a pure atmosphere: the brush gives them heaviness, turns transparency to lead, and tints to body-colour. Yet it is on passages of this character that the fame of Goethe as a converser must depend. Our readers shall have advantage of seeing what we mean exemplified after which they will proceed to the [illegible] expectations.

The fall[illegible] extract, will well is Goethe in his t the remarks we aracter.

Goethe was, he ways with mys-

t of natural his-

tory, and said, while he put into my hand a piece of granite which was remarkable for it is unusual transitions, "There take the old stone as a memorial of me. Whenever I find an older law in nature than that which manifests itself in this product, I will present you with a specimen of it, and take this back again. Up to the present time I have discovered none such; and I doubt exceedingly whether any thing similar, not to say better, in this kind of phenomena, will ever come under my notice. Look attentively at these transitions: such is the universal tendency, the final result, of all in nature. Here, you see, is something which seeks another substance, forces its way to it, and, when united, gives birth to a third. Believe me, this is a fragment of the earliest history of human species. The intermediate links you must find out for yourself. He who cannot discover them will not be the wiser though he were told them. Our scientific men are rather too fond of detail. They count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have different name for every lot. That is argil *(thonerde)*; that is quartz *(kieselerde)*; that is this, and is that. But what am I the better if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them, I always think of the lines in Faust—

'*Encheiresin naturæ* nenut's die Chemie
Bohrt sich selber Esel und weist nicht wie!'

"What am I the better for these lots? what for their names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion, either to rule or to obey it, and qualifies some for the one part and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and operating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails."

"Every thing in science," said he at another time, with the same turn of thought, "is become too much divided into compartments. In our professors' chairs the several provinces *(Fächer)* are violently and arbitrarily severed, and allotted out into half-yearly courses of lectures, according to fixed plans.

"The number of real discoveries is small, especially when one views them consecutively through a few centuries. Most of what these people are so busy about is mere repetition of what has been said by this or that celebrated predecessor. Such a thing as independent original knowledge is hardly thought of. Young men are driven in flocks into lecture rooms, and are crammed, for want of any real nutriment, with quotations and words. The insight, which is wanting to the teacher, the learner is to get for himself as he may. No great wisdom or acuteness is necessary to perceive that this is an entirely mistaken path.

"If the professor is master of a complete scientific apparatus, so far from mending the matter, it is all the worse. Then there is no end of the confusion and darkness. Every dyer at his copper, every apothecary at his retort, must come to school to him. The poor devils of practical operative men! I can't express how I pity them for falling into such hands! Once on a time there was a worthy old dyer in Heilbronn who was wiser than they all; but for that very reason they laughed him to scorn. What would I give that the old master were still in this world—the world which he knew, though it knew not him—nd could see my Doctrine of Colours—that man's copper was his teacher; he *knew* how things were brought to pass.

"If I were to write down the sum of all that is worth knowing in the various sciences with which I have employed myself throughout my life, the manuscript would be so small that you might carry it home in your pocket in the cover of a letter. We cultivate science, either as a means of gaining bread, or for the purpose of formally dissecting it in the lecture-room; so that the only choice left to us poor Germans is between a shallow superficial 'popular philosophy,' or an uintelligible *galimathias* of transcendental phrases. The chapter of Electricity is that which in modern times has, accordiug to my judgment, been handled the best.

"Euclid's Elements still remain an unrivalled model of a course of scientific instruction. In their perfect simplicity, and in the necessary ascending gradation of the problems, they show us how all sciences should be entered upon and pursued.

"What enormous sums have been squandered by manufacturers in consequence of false notions of chemistry! Even the technical arts are very far from being as advanced as they ought to be. This book-and-closet knowledge—this wise-being, and wise-making, out of quires of stuff copied from hand to hand—is the sole cause why the number of really useful discoveries is so small.

"If, on this very day, which we sate the 29th of February 1809, the venerable old English Friar Bacon (who is by no means to be confounded with his namesake, Chancellor Verulam), after the lapse of so many centuries since his scientific labours, were to rise from the dead, walk into my study, and courteously ask me to make him acquainted with the discoveries which have been made in arts and sciences since his time, I should feel somewhat ashamed, and should not very well know what to answer the good old man. If it occurred to me to show him a solar microscope, he would instantly point to a passage in his works, in which he not only anticipated this invention, but paved the way to it by positive and practical suggestions. Should our conversation fall on the invention of watches, he would perhaps very composedly say, if I showed him mine, 'Aye, that's the thing; but it does not come upon me unexpectedly. In page 504 of my works, you will find the practicability of such machines set forth; where I have likewise treated at length of the solar miscroscope and the camera obscura.'

"At last, after a complete review of modern inventions, I must perhaps expect that the deep-thinking Friar would take leave of me in the following words:—

"'What you have effected in the course of so many centuries, is truly not so very considerable. Bestir yourselves better. I shall now lay me down to sleep again; and at the end of four hundred years more, I will return and see whether you too are still asleep, or whether you have made greater progress in any branch of science!'

"With us Germans," continued Goethe, "all things go on very slowly. Twenty years ago, when I gave out the first idea of the Metamorphosis of Plants, in the criticisms on this work, people could find nothing to r[illegible] but the simple method of stating a scien[illegible] subject, which might perhaps serve as a very useful mode to young people. Of the value of the fundamental law, from the development of which (in case it were substantiated) every thing in the work followed, and which admitted of the widest and most manifold application to the works of nature, I never had the good fortune to hear a single word. The reason is, that they can't find it in Linnæus, whom they transcribe and serve up again to their pupils.

"Every thing proves that men are made for Faith, and not for Sight. The time will come when they will believe in me, and quote me as authority for this and time. I had rather, however, they would assert their right, and open their *own* eyes, so that they might see what lies before them: as it is, they only mock at those who have better eyes than themselves, and are extremely offended if one accuses them of purblindness in their professorial views of thing.

"The same remark is equally applicable to the Doctrine of Colours, which rests on one and the same principle as the Metamorphosis of Plants. They will however soon appropriate the results of these speculations. One must give them time, especially not take it ill when they pilfer what one does, without acknowledging it (as has frequently happened to me in the Metamorphosis of Plants), and expose foreign wares as their own.

"As to Friar Bacon, extraordinary as was his appearance, it ought not to excite wonder in us. We know that rich germs of civilization showed themselves in England at a very early period. The conquest of that island by the Romans possibly laid the first foundation for its superiority. Such traces as they left are not so easily effaced as people think. At a latter period, Christianity made early and remarkable progress there. St. Boniface landed in Britain with a gospel in one hand, and a carpenter's rule in the other. He afterwards passed over to us in Thuringia, bringing in his train the arts of building. Bacon lived at a time at which the burgher class had already acquired important privileges by means of Magna Charta. The freedom of the seas and of civil institutions perfected what had been so happy begun. It was almost impossible that, under so many favourable circumstances, the sciences should remain in a backward state; that they should not also bound forward in the common race; which they truly did in the person of Bacon. This intelligent monk, as far removed from superstition as from unbelief, had a forecast of every thing, though he did not realize it. The whole magic of nature, in the noblest sense of the word, was opened to him. He saw all that was to come—that *must* come; the solar miscroscope, the clock, the camera obscura, the projection of shadows; in short, from the appearance of this one man might be inferred what mighty strides in the empire of invention, art, and science, the people to whom he belonged were destined to make.

"Press but ever onward," added Goethe, with fervid animation, "youthful German people, and weary not in your progress on the way we have entered upon! Give yourselves up to no mannerism—to no one-sidedness of any kind, under what name soever it finds its way among you. Know that whatever saves us from nature is false. The path of nature is that in which you must tread, if you would meet Bacon, Homer, and Shakspeare. On all sides there is much to do. See but with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Lastly, let not the hostility of men trouble you. We also have fared no better. In the centre of Thuringia, on the firm land, have we built our good ship; now are the floods come and have borne it thence. Even now will many a one who knows the flat country wherein we moved, not believe that the floods have really risen to the tops of the mountains! and yet of a truth are they there.

"Scorn not in your efforts, to except the co operation of [illegible]minded friends. On the other hand, I exhi[illegible]so after my own example) to lose no moment [illegible]n to whom ye belong not to you; for such can[illegible]t little, while in the course of our lives they may [illegible]s many annoyances; and their intercourse is at best but vain and useless.

"In the first volume of Herder's *Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man*, are many notions which belong to me, especially at the beginning. These subjects were at that time thoroughly discussed between us. What led to this was, that I was always more disposed to an examination of nature through the senses than Herder, who continually wanted to hasten to the result and grasped at the idea while I had hardly got through the observation; but it was just this reciprocal stimulus that made us mutually profitable."

Another time—it was in the summer of 1809—one afternoon I called on Goethe, and found him sitting in the garden enjoying the mild weather Katz, the landscape-painter, for whom he had a singular regard, was also there. Goethe sat at a small garden-table; before him stood a long-necked glass, in which a small live snake was moving about with great vivacity; he fed it with a quill, and made daily and minute observations upon it. He maintained that it knew him already, and raised its head to the edge of the glass as soon as he came in sight.

"What splendid, intelligent eyes!" said he." A great deal was half finished in this head, but the awkward writhing body would not allow much to come of it. Nature, too, has cheated this long ensheathed organization of hands and feet; though this head and these eyes might well have deserved both. Indeed she frequently leaves such debts unpaid, at least for the moment, though sometimes she afterwards pays them under more favourable circumstances. The skeletons of many marine animals clearly show, that' when she made them, she was full of the thought of some higher race of land animals. Very often, working in an ungenial and intractable element, she was obliged to content herself with a fish's tail, where she evidently would have liked to give a pair of hind feet into the bargain—nay, even where the rudiments of them are clearly to be dis cerned in the skeleton."

Near the glass which contained the snake, lay some chrysalids of caterpillars, whose forthcoming Goethe was expecting. They showed a remarkable mobility—sensible to the touch. Goethe took them off the table, watched them eagerly and attentively, and then said to his boy, "Carry them in doors; they will hardly come out to-day. It is too late now." It was four in the afternoon.

At this moment Frau van Goethe came into the garden.

Goethe took the chrysalids out of the boy's hand, and laid them again upon the table.

"How magnificent that fig-tree is in leaf and blossom." exclaimed Fran von Goethe to us from a considerable distance, as she advanced towards us along the middle walk of the garden.

After greeting me and receiving my salutations in return, she immediately asked me, whether I had gone close to the fig-tree to admire it. "We will not forget," said she, at the same time addressing herself to Goethe, "to have it matted next winter."

Goethe smiled, and said, "Let yourself be shown the fig-tree,—and that directly,—or we shall have no peace this evening. And it really is worth seeing, and deserves to be handsomely dealt with and provided for."

"What is the name of this exotic plant," resumed Frau von Goethe, "which a man lately brought us from Jena?"

"Do you mean the great hellebore?"

"Yes, it thrives admirably."

"I am glad of it. We shall make a second Anticyra of this place, in time."

"There, I see lie the chrysalids—have you seen nothing yet?"

"I laid them there for you. Do listen, I beg of you," taking them again in this hand and holding them to his ear; "how it knocks; how it jumps and *will* burst forth into life. Wonderful would I fain call these transitions of nature, were not the wonderful in nature the most usual and ordinary. But we must not omit to let our friend here partake of this sight. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, the butterfly will probably be here, and a prettier, more elegant thing, you have seldom seen in your life. I know the caterpillar, and I summon you to attend to-morrow afternoon, at the same hour, in the garden, if you have a mind to see something more remarkable than the most remarkable of all the remarkable things Kotzebue saw on his long journey to Tobolk, in the 'most remarkable years of his life.' Meanwhile, let us put the box in which our yet unknown, beautiful sylph lies enclosed, and decks herself in all her splendour for to-morrow, into a sunny window in the summer-house.

"So, there you stand, my nice, pretty child. Nobody will interrupt you in this corner, nor disturb you while you are completing your toilet."

"Well, for my part," said Frau von Goethe, casting a side glance at the snake, "I could not endure such a nasty thing as that near me, still less feed it with my own hands. It is such a disagreeable creature! It makes me shudder to look at it."

"Hold your tongue," replied Goethe, though, tranquil as he was himself, he was generally not displeased at this vivacity of expression in those around him. "Yes," added he, turning to me, "if the snake would but spin himself a house, and turn into a butterfly to oblige her, we should hear no more about 'nasty things.' But, dear child, we can't all be butterflies, nor fig-trees decked with flowers and fruit. Poor snake! they despise you! They should treat you better. How he looks at me! How he rears his head! Is it not as if he knew that I was taking his part? Poor thing! How he is pent up there, and cannot come forth, how fain soever he be! Doubly, I mean—first in the glass, and then in the scaly case in which nature has enclosed him."

As he said this, he began to lay aside his reed pencil and the drawing-paper on which he had made some strokes towards a fastastic landscape, without seeming the least interrupted by the conversation.

The servant brought water; and while he was washing his hands, he said, "To return once more to Katz, the painter, whom you must have met as you came in; the sight of him is most agreeable and refreshing to me. He is exactly the same in every respect in Weimar as he was in the Villa Borghese. Every time I see him, it is as if he brought a bit of the *dolce far niente* of the Roman atmosphere of art, into my presence. As he is here, I will arrange a little scrap-book of my drawings. We constantly talk a great deal too much. We ought to talk less and draw more. I, for my part, should be glad to break myself of taking altogether, and speak like creative, nature, only in pictures. That fig-tree, this little snake, the chrysalis that lies there on the win[illegible]quietly awaiting its new existence—all these are pregnant signatures; indeed he who could decipher them nig[illegible]ort to dispense with the written or the spoken. The more I reflect upon it, the more it strikes me that there is something so useless, so idle, I could almost say so buffoonish in talk, that one is awe-stricken before the deep solemn repose and silence of nature, as soon as one stands withdrawn into oneself, and confronted with her before some massive wall of rock, or in the solitude of some venerable mountain.

"I have brought together a number of varieties of plants and flowers" said he, pointing to the fantastic drawing before him, "strangely enough here, on this piece of paper. These spectres might be yet more wild and fantastic, and the question might still remain, whether the originals of them are not actually to be found in some part of the world or other.

"In design, the soul gives utterance to some portion of her inmost being; and the highest mysteries of creation are precisely those which (as far as relates to their fundamental plan), rest entirely on design and modelling; these are the language in which she reveals them.

"The combinations in this field are so infinite, that they afford a place even for the exercise of humour. I will take only the parasitical plants; how much of the fantastic, the burlesque, the bird-like, is contained in their fleeting character! Their flying seeds perch like butterflies on some tree, and feed upon it till the plant is full-grown. This, rooted in the very bark, we find the misseltoe from which bird-lime is made, growing like a branch out of the pear-tree. Here, not content with fastening itself as a guest, it forces the pear-tree to supply its very wood out of its own substance.

"The moss on trees, which is also a parasite, belongs to the same class. I have some very fine preparations of this tribe of plants, which undertake nothing on their own account, but deposit themselves in all directions on something that comes ready to their hand. I will show you them at some favourable opportunity. Remind me of it. The peculiar construction of the rooty part of certain shrubs, which also belong to the parasitical class, is explained by the ascent of the sap, which is not drawn (according to the common course of nature) from a rude earthy matter, but from one already organized and fashioned.

"No apple grows from the middle of the trunk, where all is rough and woody. A long series of years and the most careful training are necessary to transform the apple-tree into a fruitful, succulent tree, shedding forth blossom and then fruit. Every apple is a globular compact mass, and as such, requires both a great concentration, and at the same time an uncommon refining and perfecting of the juices which flow into it from all sides.

"Figure to yourself Nature, how she sits, as it were at a card-table, incessantly calling '*au double!*' *i. e.* exulting in what she has already [illegible] through every region of her operations; and plays on into infinitude. Animal, vegetal, are continually set up anew after fortunate throws; and who knows whole race of man is any thing more for some higher stake."

During this agreeable co[illegible] closed in; and as it [illegible] garden, we went up[illegible] Some time after [illegible] The sky was [illegible] in Goethe's s[illegible] and the [illegible] and du[illegible] was [illegible]

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"All is so vast," said he to me, "that an end—a cessation of existence—is nowise to be thought of. Or do you think it possible that the all-creating Sun may be entirely effete with the production of his own planetary system; and that his Earth-and-Moon-creating power may be either entirely gone out of him, or lie utterly inactive and useless? I can by no means believe this. It appears to me extremely probable that, beyond Mercury, which is already small enough, a still smaller star will some time or other become visible. We see, it is true, from the position of the planets, that the projectile power of the Sun is notably decreased; since the greatest masses in the system are at the greatest distance from him. In this way, to pursue our inference, the time may come that the projectile force may be so exhausted, that the attempted projection of a planet may miss. If the Sun cannot sever and cast off the young planet to a proper distance, like its predecessors, he will, perhaps, have a ring like Saturn's form itself around him, which being composed of earthy particles, would reduce us poor earth-inhabitants to a sad condition. And, indeed, the shadow of such a ring would produce a not very cheering effect upon all the other planets of our system. The genial influence of light and heat must naturally be greatly diminished by it; and all organizations whose development is their several degrees be cramped and stunted by it.

"On this view of the subject, the spots in the Sun might certainly cause us some uneasiness for the future. Thus much is certain, that at least in all that we know of the past history and the laws of our own planet, there is nothing to prevent the formation of a solar ring, though, to be sure, it would be difficult to assign any time for such an event."

On calling on Goethe at three o'clock in the afternoon, I found him serious and thoughtful. He was busied in sorting a collection of coins.

To a true observer of nature like Goethe, it gave no little pleasure when he lighted upon a face among his coins, the features of which expressed the peculiar character or acts of the person, such as they are handed down to us by history.

With his collection of natural curiosities he went to work in the same manner. How to catch nature so to speak, in the fact,—this was the point to which all his observations, all his speculations, were directed. The smallest object acquired importance and interest in his eyes viewed from this side. Especially organic remains of a world which has partly perished.

Whoever wished to recommend himself to him for ever, needed only to bring him some such specimen from his travels. The paw of an arctic bear or of a beaver, the tooth of a lion, the strangely twisted horn of a chamois or a deer, or any other object differing in part or wholly from familiar forms and organizations, sufficed to delight him for days and weeks, and to furnish him with matter for repeated observations.

When he obtained possession of such a treasure, it was as if he had received a letter from a friend in some far distant quarter of the globe. In the joy of his heart, he immediately hastened in the most engaging manner to share with others its contents, which had such singular felicity in deciphering.

He lead down the proposition, that nature, accidentally, and as it were against her will, became the tell-tale of her own secrets. That every thing [illegible] at least once; only not in the time and place at which we looked for, or suspected it; we must collect it here and there, in all the nooks and corners in which she had [illegible] the mysterious, the Sybilline, the incoherent, in our observations of nature. That she was a book of the vastest, strangest contents; from which however, we might gather, that many of its leaves lay scattered around in Jupiter, Uranus, and other planets. To come at the whole, would be difficult, if not utterly impossible. On this difficulty, therefore, must all systems suffer shipwreck.—*Spectator, July* 13.

MUNICH, JULY 7.

I have very great pleasure in mentioning what has just come to my ears from a most creditable source, and from a liberal one too, so that the thing would not have been said but upon good grounds,—it is, that the strong remonstrances of the English Ministry have had effect upon Austria, and that she has promised to go no further in the project of annihilating the constitutional freedom or independence of the lesser German states. Tidings from Frankfort will enable you to judge how sincere. Austria may be in such a promise; but it is certain that the tone of her diplomatists has relaxed its severity both at Munich and in Wurtemberg. I mentioned this, indeed, in a former letter, attributing it to jealousy of the forward zeal with which Prussia was seeking to extend her commercial frontier; and this has had, no doubt, very great influence both in impelling England and France to interfere, and in inducing Austria to listen to them. Heaven knows, that even were this ever so true, there is little cause for congratulation. The liberty of the press has been violently and illegally suppressed; conspiracies have been excited, its victims crowd the gaols, and the public are anxiously awaiting, not their trial, but their fate. In such a state of things, how can it be hoped that tranquillity will return, or how is it to be managed, that the sovereigns who, under the orders of the Diet, undertake to wage war with the representatives of their people, shall become reconciled to their representatives? The latter is impossible except by acquiescence in a vote condemning and disavowing the arbitrary dictatorship of the Frankfort Diet. And will Austria allow this? Can she say to the petty sovereigns, "Yield—I have brought you into a scrape; get out of it as you can?" No, Austria must well know that circumstances will render her promises of forbearance vain; and for this reason she gives them.

There are a variety of stories afloat as to the [illegible] conspiracy in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. [illegible] the Princes of the reiguing family is [illegible] being connected with it; some assert [illegible] friends wished to follow the fa[illegible]ntries in proclaiming a King [illegible] of popular choice, whilst [illegible] Carignan, and so purg[illegible] of its hottest heads, [illegible] may be the truth [illegible] of the Prince in [illegible] of a stout [illegible] than to [illegible] least [illegible].

indeed, the sole foundation for the story was the intention of the conspirators to proclaim the above Prince monarch. Such a scheme was indispensable in Wurtemberg, where the peasants, however miserable, are very much attached to the reigning family, and where they would certainly never join any merely revolutionary or republican scheme. On the other hand, in no country is physical distress greater than amongst these very peasantry.

I have taken some pains since my last to inquire into the truth and the causes of this distress, and found ample materials for satisfying curiosity in the reports and petitions from the different districts, sent up a short time back. "Every-where," says the Mayor of Bietigheim, "is oppression, under intolerable taxes; on all "sides poverty and wretchedness." All the better proprietors, of from 20 to 25 acres, who were pretty well off seven years ago, have since sunk and lost at least one-third of their property; "whilst the poor cannot exist without renouncing the first physical necessaries—salt, wood, clothing, and school-money."

The fact is, that Wurtemberg, indeed all the south of Germany, is totally without manufactures. As is the case in Ireland, land alone affords the means of life; and with a very full population and no drain for it, the gentry have it in their power to take the cream of the land's worth and produce to themselves. The machinery for doing this is too well known in Great Britain for me to have need to describe it. In Wurtemberg it is worse, for there the feudal tenure and system is in all its primeval vigour, and betwixt seignorial demands, which go immediately into the pockets of the gentry, and the Government taxes which go also, though by a circuit into the same pockets, in the shape of pensions, salaries, &c., the unfortunate peasant is so reduced, that those who have any property goes to America, and those who stay at home eat their bread and salt (their veritable meal) as they can. At times one might forget, and fancy oneself in England, when listening to the complaints of the poor Wurtemberg peasant. Tithe he feels as a dreadful grievance, and his advocates protest against the injustice of taking them from the *rohen*, not the *reinen einkommen* (from the gross, not the net produce.) Varnbueler calculates that one half of the clear revenue of the land in Wurtemberg is taken from the proprietor for tithes. The Wurtemberger unites all the curses of the ancient abuse and of modern improvement. Thus he is at once vexed by the *corvée* and by the *conscription*. He has his lord to satisfy first, and his Government after. Far more reason has he than John Bull to seek freedom and competence across the Atlantic.—*Times, July* 20.

POLICE.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—A very curious scene occurred yesterday in the [illegible]rates' private room. Broomhead, [illegible] overseers of the parish of St. G[illegible] Hanover-square, introduced to the [illegible] of Mr. Conant a young female very smartly attired, who had contrived to add to the population of the parish, with the request that the magistrate would question her as to the author of the unwelcome visiter. The young lady, who, in addition to a well-formed figure, had a profusion of very light hair, arranged with great taste about a countenance the *tout ensemble* of which presented a very attractive picture, pointed to a gentleman fashionably dressed, and declared that to him alone the honours of paternity were to be awarded. The young lady having made this avowal sank down on a seat, and employed a pair of very expressive eyes alternately in dropping "pearly tears" and darting complacent glances towards a mirror, which reflected at full length her very pleasing exterior.

The uncle of Miss Price, who was present, begged Mr. Conant to inquire of the defendant his real name, as he believed the name in the warrant to be fictitious. Miss Price admitted that she did not know who the defendaat was. Under the euphonous appellation of Charles Albert Hamilton he had moved and won her virgin affections, and though for upwards of four years their correspondence had subsisted, she had never been enabled to penetrate the mystery in which he enveloped his name and occupation. She implored the magistrate to relieve her anxiety by extracting the necessary information from her mysterious deceiver. The parish officer said he knew nothing whatever of the defendant, having only captured him through a stratagem planned by the uncle of the young lady, who watched her to her last amorous appointment, and when the "gay Lothario" made his appearance, prepared to fly into the arms of love, he found himself disagreeably disappointed by discovering that he was in the arms of the parish beadle.

Mr. CONANT.—Is your real name Charles Hamilton?

Defendant.—Ye—e—s, that is the name I have hitherto gone by.

Mr. CONANT.—What are you, Sir?

Defendant.—I am a professor.

Mr. CONANT.—Of what?

Defendant.—A professor of motion.

Mr. CONANT.—You give lectures, I suppose, on the laws of motion?

Defendant.—Not exactly; I mean motion relating to the body.

Mr. CONANT.—Pray explain yourself a little clearer, Sir. Do you mean that you are a dancing-master.

Defendant.—Yes, I do.

Miss Price.—A dancing-master! Oh, Charles, pray ease my doubts. Who—who are you?

Defendant.—I cannot, dare not, state my real name. That must for ever remain a secret.

Mr. CONANT.—Well, Sir. you must state your circumstances, in order that I may know at what sum to put the weekly allowance.

Defendant.—I am worth nothing. I have been a merchant in odds and ends; am a bankrupt—a ruined man. All I can afford is half-a crown weekly.

Mr. CONANT.—Are you married?

Defendant (clasping his hands).—Married! Must I confess? I will speak the truth. Yes, I am

"Oh, you villain!" said Miss Price, giving a theatrical scream, and walking backwards and forwards before the looking-glass, "you told me you were single."

The young lady was questioned as to the origin of her intimacy with the defendant, and she admitted it had been accidental and that the defendant, from the first, had solicited her to comply with his wishes, mentioning marriage only in case a "certain event" should occur.

Mr. CONANT having consulted with Mr. Dyer, acquainted the defendant that he could not think of making an order when a false name was given. He considered that it was due to the parish that his name and residence should be known.

Defendant.—Oh, heavens! I'll do anything rather than disclose my secret. I'll make any sacrifice. I'll allow 3s. aweek if you'll excuse me.

Mr. CONANT did not appear to think the last offer any inducement.

Defendant.—Well, then, let me implore you to have the room cleared, or to indulge me with a private communication.

Mr. CONANT did not think there was a necessity for either of the requests.

"Then my mind's made up," said the defendant, "I will trust you with my secret. I'am," said he, leaning over the table towards the magistrate, and whispering in the lowest key, "Charles Davis."

Mr. CONANT.—And what is your business.

Defendant.—I am theatrical. I was formerly director of the Queen's Theatre.

Mr. CONANT having made the order of affiliation for 3s. per week, the great incog, left the office, but not before it had transpired that he was a dancing-master in Great Marlborough-street, of the name of Taylor, modernized by the "march of intellect" into the more romantic appellative of Theleure.—*Times, July*, 26.

COPY OF THE DYING DECLARATION OF RICHARD PARKER.*

[The following letter appears in the last number of the *Quarterly*. The poor mutineer had evidently some noble qualities, and just and necessary as his execution might be as an example at a dangerous crisis, there is we believe little doubt that had there been no mutiny, the seamen would have had no redress.]

"June 28, 1797.

"DEAR SIR,—In my awful situation, I have great consolation to find that I still possess your esteem, and merit your commiseration. Heaven grant you may long outlive the painful recollection of my unfortunate fate! A little while and I must depart from this world, and for ever close my eyes upon its vanity, deceitfulness, and ingratitude. My passage through it has been short but checkered;—my departure from it will be extremely boisterous; but I seriously assure you, upon *my part* by no means *unwilling*. The only comfortable reflection which I at present enjoy is, that I am to die a martyr in the cause of humanity. I know the multitude think hard things of me, but this gives me no uneasiness, for my conscience testifies that the part which I have acted amongst the seamen has been right, although not to be justified by prudence. The latter consideration is the only compunction which I feel under my doleful calamity: yes! prudence urges *that I ought to have known mankind better* than blindfold to have plunged into certain destruction.

"Long since I had learned, that the miseries under which the lower classes groan are imputable in a great measure to their ignorance, cowardice, and duplicity; and that nothing short of a *miracle* could ever afford them any relief. This experience, prudence too late teaches me, should have been my guard against that *fatal error* which forfeits my life. However severe this reflection, still I preserve my fortitude, and I am enabled to do this by considering that, as a human being, I stand subject to human passions, the noblest of which is a tender *sensibility at every species of human wo:* thus influenced, how could I indifferently stand by, and behold some of the *best* of my fellow-creatures cruelly treated by some of the very *worst?* I candidly confess I could not; and because I could not, fate consigns me to be a victim to the tenderest emotions of the human heart. Upon the word of a dying man, I solemnly declare, that I was not an *original mover* of the disturbances amongst those men who have treated me so very ungratefully; also, that I was elected by my shipmates their delegate, *without my knowledge*, and in the *same manner*, by the delegates, their president. I was *compelled* to accept those situations, much against my inclination, by those who pushed me into them; and I did by no means attain them in the manner which has been scandalously reported, by persons who are purposely prejudiced or ignorant of the matter. It is well known what *authority* the seamen had over their delegates, and in what a ferocious manner the delegates were frequently treated, for not according with every *wild scheme* which the sailors proposed to carry into practice. I further declare, that from the aggregate body originated every plan, and that during the time the delegates held their perilous situations, they always acted pursuant to, and obeyed the instructions of, their constituents. How I and my unfortunate colleagues have been rewarded for our fidelity in thus acting, those who have any sense of *moral obligation* will easily determine. The only instances in which the delegates acted of themselves were in those of checking the *violence* and [illegible]*pitude* of their master; and this, God knows, we had hard work to do; but, considering all circumstances, th[illegible] who know any thing of sailors will readily [illegible] low that we preserved much better order than could reasonably have been expected upon such an occasion. For not according with the preposterous ideas of the seamen I and many more must suffer death. Had we been as *decidedly violent* as they were, we need not have died like dogs; for all the force which could have been mustered would not have availed, and necessity would have obliged a compliance to our demands. Owing to the delegates' moderation, they have been overcome, and for my own part I cheerfully forgive the vanquishers for the *bloody use* they intend to make of their victory: perhaps it is policy in them to do it. From the first moment that I understood the kindness which the delegates were to experience from their employers, I was prepared for the sacrifice; and may heaven grant that I may be the last victim offered up in the cause of a *treacherous* and *debased commonalty!*

"Many will ask, how an insignificant man like myself could merit the confidence of the multitude so far as to induce them to thrust him forward upon such an occasion? If such enquirers will for a moment reflect, that in a popular commotion, any person who has the misfortune to be in repute for a trifling share of *ability* is liable to be forced into action, though *much against his will*, their inquiry will easily be solved, and this was precisely my *case*. Others will say, how could a man of his information be so indiscreet? Tell such that RICHARD PARKER in his last moments was pierced to the bottom of his soul with asking himself the same question; that he ingenuously owned he was indiscreet, but that it was, as he thought, from laudable motives. At the pressing application of my brother shipmates I suffered humanity to surmount reason, and I hope my life is a sufficient atonement for my folly. I am the devoted *scape-goat* for the sins of *many* and henceforth, when the *oppressed* groan under the *stripes of the oppressors*, let my example deter any man from risking himself as the victim to ameliorate their wretchedness. Having said this much of my concerns with the seamen, I shall now take the liberty to offer my friend some advice: it is the result of dear-bought experience and I hope he will profit by it. Remember never to make yourself the *busybody of the lower classes*, for they are *cowardly, selfish, and ungrateful;* the least trifling will intimidate them; and *him* whom they have exalted *one moment as their demagogue*, the next *they will not scruple to exalt upon the gallows*. I own that it is, with pain I make such a remark to you, but *truth* demands it; I have *experimentally* proved it, and very soon am to be made the *example* of it. There is nothing *new* in my *treatment:* compare it in the th[illegible]t of most of the advocates for the improvement of the condition of the multitude in *all ages;* nay, with reverence I write it, with the treatment of Jesus Christ himself, when on earth, and then declare *whether or not* my advice is to be regarded,

"It is my opinion, that if Government had not been too hasty, the *Pórstmouth mutiny* would have been as readily overcome as that at *Sheerness*. A very trifling forbearance on their part would have occasioned the *Porstmouth* delegates to have been delivered up like those at Sheerness, to have settled all the accounts; this is not mere opposition, but founded *upon facts* though not generally known. The mutineers have been accused of *disloyalty*, but it is a *false* accusation,—they were only so to their ill-fated tools the delegates. Both *army and navy* are, in my opinion *loyal*, and setting aside the liberties which they have lately taken with their superiors, were attached to the *ruling powers*. The ignorant and the violent will call me a *criminal*, but when it is remembered what were the *demands* I made from my unprincipled employers, I know the discreet part of mankind will acquit me of criminality. I have reason to think the *civil power* would have acquitted me; but by the *Articles of War*, my destruction was irremediable, and of this Government were well aware, or I should not have been tried by a court-martial. By the law of war I acknowledge myself to be legally convicted, but by the laws of humanity (which should be the basis of all laws) I die illegally. My judges were respectable, but not totally disinterested, for one of the demands had for its tendency the *abridgment of their emoluments in prize-money*.

"Now, my dear friend, I take my leave of you, and may Providence amply return every kindness I have received from your hands! Oh! pray for me, that in the last scene I may act my part like a man, and that when I am on the point of being offered up, I may be inspired with sufficient charity to forgive *those* for whom I am sacrificed. The moment my body is suspended, the spectators will behold a wretch who is exposed as an example of his own frailty, and of the *disgrace and dishonour* of those men for whom I meet so ignominious a death. Parting with life is no more than going to sleep; and God in his mercy grant I may sleep sweetly after my worldly toils, through the merit of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! Amen.

"Adieu, eternally adieu!

From your dying friend,

Times, July 13. "RICHARD PARKER."

* The *italics* in this letter are Parker's own.

THE LATE SIR JOHN MALCOLM.—We refer with very mingled feelings, to the subscription, proposed and advertised, for erecting a Monument to the memory of the late Sir Jo[illegible] Malcolm. He was a noble character, if ever a noble character ex[illegible] will be our own disappointment, [illegible] the Queen of [illegible] the whole coun[illegible] duty alike sacr[illegible] We, at least, sh[illegible] to his chair. I[illegible] those of virtu[illegible] least—all of p[illegible]

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